

THE FARM.

The Story of My Farmer Boy.

At the recent banquet given by White's Class Advertising Co. to its patrons and friends Hon. W. B. Otwell, of Illinois, delivered the following address, which is good reading for boys and men too:

A number of years ago the first farmers' institute of my county was organized, and they elected the Honorable Senator David Gore as the president and they elected me as secretary. Mr. Gore told me to go to work and get up a great big meeting of farmers, and knowing a little about advertising, as I did, I went to work and had a program gotten out and printed it in thirteen different county papers, and I got large banners and put the programs on them and hung them in all the show windows of the county. I wrote column after column about the coming farmers' institute that was to take place down at Carlinville, and then I gave the janitor of our great big Macoupin county court house—you may have heard of our court house down in Macoupin county. You need not smile, for when we get \$750,000 more paid on it we will have it all paid for. (Laughter.) I told the janitor of our court house to get the big iron doors open that morning to accommodate the immense crowd of farmers that I knew would be surging around there, and if ever I told the truth in my life, when the president called the meeting to order at eleven o'clock that morning there were the president and the secretary and the chaplain, and that was every blessed soul that was there. And the chaplain, bless his heart, got up and offered a fervent prayer for the officers of the institution.

I tapped him on the shoulder afterwards and said: "Parson, if you will just pray a little for those old hayseeds that were not there, it will help us some. The officers are doing everything in their powers that they know to do."

Well, the next year I decided that I would fool the farmers. Farmers, you know, can be fooled easier than anybody else in this world. So I went down to the printing office and I had some nice pink colored envelopes with bright lines across the back printed kind of like wedding invitations; you know that will get everybody. (Laughter.)

I put a two-cent stamp on each one and sent it out, and I had a nice program gotten out, and I had the leading men in the state to talk about cattle and horses and about the soil, and I mailed out five hundred of these programs to farmers in my county, telling them about the farmers' institute, with just about the same results as the year before. There weren't present at any meeting of the farmers' institute two dozen farmers.

Well, as a result, the president resigned in disgust and they elected me to that honorable position. I determined at once that I would make or break the whole shebang, and I did not have far to go to break it. I determined upon this little plan which I will tell you about, and you can judge, yourselves, as to whether it has been a good one or not.

I sent to the states of Iowa, Indiana and Illinois and procured twelve samples of seed corn that I thought was pretty good corn. Then I called twelve farmers together, one Saturday afternoon, and told them what my plan was. Told them to pick out the best corn for me, and they worked on that corn for four hours, and they finally picked out a little kernel corn that did not look very good to me, but they knew how to raise corn before I was born.

So I sent away to the grower of that corn and I told him about my plan and asked him to furnish me a number of bushels of that corn. Well I got this corn and then I advised every farmer boy in my county that if he would write I would send him a package of corn for two cents in postage, and told him about the prizes for the boys raising the best corn. Well, a plow firm down there gave me a plow for the sweepstake premium, and I got other prizes together, and soon I had five hundred boys scrapping for these prizes.

Do you know, at the coming farmers' institute I did not advise a single farmer to be at the institute. I did not send out a single invitation for a man to be there. I told them politely they could stay at home. I had told them everything else under the sun and couldn't get them there, so I turned my attention to the boys. (Laughter.)

Now, what did I have? I had five hundred clean, splendid little missionaries sitting around all that summer long—sitting out on rail fences when they ought to have been in Sunday School, talking about how to plant corn, how to cultivate it, what kind of fertilizers gave the best results, and finally the newspapers took it up and began to talk about Tom and the wonderful corn he was raising.

had gathered his corn and hung it up in the smokehouse to dry and next month that he was going to take it down to Carlinville, to that great big farmers' institute that was going on there.

Well, to make a long story short, the day before the farmers' institute came off I told the janitor he might open the court house doors in the morning, but I wasn't particular about it, I didn't expect very many people to be there, because I had had the experience before, you know. But that morning, when I came down and got inside the court house, there were five hundred boy farmers standing around there with their corn, and when I called the meeting to order that morning at eleven o'clock there were fifteen hundred representative farmers in the hall. (Applause.) I knew I had solved the question, and when the boys were bringing in their corn I was learning my lesson. They were there, those splendid young farmer boys, some of them had ridden ten miles to get there.

So I had learned my lesson and I spent thirty dollars the next time, traveled through three counties to find just the right corn, and I got one hundred bushels, and cut that down to forty, and I advised every boy to send me five cents for a package of corn. I had to explain what it was for. I told them that the large manilla envelopes that I bought in St. Louis cost me a cent apiece; that I had increased the corn three times, so the postage was three cents; that I had employed an extra girl in the office to take care of these things, and this time fifteen hundred boys entered from my own county. You ought to see some of the letters that I received. One little fellow wrote me and said: "You needn't expect me to the farmers' institute because mother's chickens got in and scratched all over my corn." The next mail took him another package of corn and he was happy.

All summer long I had as my supporters fifteen hundred loyal, splendid, clean, honest farmer boys talking farmers' institute all over that county, and when the institute came the next fall there were twenty-six hundred farmers in constant attendance, and we had a splendid exhibition of corn. Mr. Shamel said it was the finest display of corn he had ever seen in the states of Iowa, Indiana, Kansas or Illinois. And the afternoon that we had boys' afternoon I told those farmers that they could stay out of the house until the boys got seated, and along in front we put the farmer boys and when Mr. Shamel was talking to them I said to him, "How many boys do you think you are talking to?" He said, "I should say there were eight hundred boys, and it is the greatest inspiration I ever had in my life." And, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you here tonight that if you never touched elbows with a thousand honest boys you can scarcely appreciate what I am telling you tonight.

And the contests came and went. We got all kinds of premiums for the boys and had them spread out upon the platform, and I had a little of everything. A friend over at Monmouth tendered me a nice big box of one hundred bars of washing soap, and, oh, how I did hope Mrs. Otwell's boys would win that soap. (Laughter.) If you have got any boy at home running round your house, you know they need that same article.

Well, I want to tell you about those boys. They came in two-horse wagons and all sorts of conveyances to take away their premiums, and before I am done I want to tell you about the boy that won the coveted prize of all the prizes, a \$100 bicycle, tendered by a bicycle firm here in Chicago. I hung it from the large chandelier just above my desk on the platform, and I knew some great big pampered boy from out on the prairie with a rich father would win that bicycle. Every boy in the contest knew he would win it. I got a letter from one little fellow who wrote me, "Please send corn by first express for yours truly, for the \$100 bicycle." (Laughter.)

Then a wagon concern out our way gave a check for \$100 and told me I could do just as I pleased with it. I divided it into one hundred nice new one-dollar bills. You know, my friends, I sometimes think that the boy who comes away off down the line one hundred next to best is just as much to be encouraged as the boy who is lucky enough to stand at the head of his class always, and so I went down to the national bank and told the cashier I wanted one hundred crisp new one-dollar bills for the boys who had come in one hundred down the line. (Applause.) I wrote to them, "My dear friend—I am handing you herewith the one dollar bill you earned at the farmers' institute. I congratulate you on the energy and nerve you showed during this long, dry summer. Trusting that you will be with us next year I am, yours very truly."

"P. S.—Let me know if you get the one-dollar bill, otherwise I may think it has been lost in the mail."

(Laughter and applause.)
(Concluded next week.)

Demon in and Out of the Bottle.

All of our readers who are familiar with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and all who are not have missed a great pleasure, will remember a story of a genii who could contract himself into a space so small as to be contained in a vial, but on being released, expanded like a modern explosive until he became a large giant, overshadowing the earth. While confined in the bottle he was harmless, but when he got out he threatened danger to all who approached. We have often thought that this fanciful narrative of Queen Scheherazade prefigured the spirit of alcohol. The Arabians first discovered this potential agent, which is well described under the image of the demon in the bottle. Alcohol is not dangerous when bottled up, but when it gets out of the bottle and into the man or other animal, there is a multiplication of evils, like those described in the New Testament. It is more than likely that the belief in a personal devil, so prevalent in ancient days, was typified by this subtle spirit of such deadly potentialities. Cassio, in Shakespeare's "Othello," gives utterance to this thought, when he says: "Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no other name by which you are called, let me name thee devil."

But the devilish disposition is to be extracted from alcohol that it may be tamed to the uses of man. A marvelous transformation is to occur by reason of the law recently enacted by Congress. By the process known as denaturizing, alcohol is to be de-bottled, as it were, have its teeth pulled, have the devil taken out of it. Having injured man so greatly during the centuries, it is now to redeem itself by helping him. Originally it was used to kindle internal fires, to set the soul aflame, to addle the brain, to make maniacs. Now, blessed change, the fire is to be kindled on the outside to make heat and power. Alcohol is all right if left out of the blood. It works beautifully in a stove, in a heater, under an engine, in a lamp. It will be especially beneficial for farmers, as it is especially well adapted for doing what farmers constantly need to have done. In many ways the mischievous old giant can be called down, put in harness and forced to do beneficial work for the human race to make up for the damage inflicted by ages of misuse.

A lamp is now made that produces a strong, high-grade light from alcohol, and the experts say a gallon of alcohol is worth two of kerosene for lighting purposes. The thousands of small power engines heretofore run with gasoline, can all be served better and more cheaply with alcohol. These engines are especially adapted to farm purposes, for pumping water, cutting feed, filling silos, threshing grain, and the multiplied uses to which a stationary power on farms is adapted. The principle objection to gasoline, aside from the cost, is the danger to the farm buildings from fire. A gasoline fire cannot be quenched with water. On the other hand, water seems to scatter the gasoline and increase the danger. But an alcohol fire is easily put out by the use of water. Experiments show that a gallon of alcohol will produce at least 10 per cent. more power than a gallon of gasoline. On the subject of heat, the showing is equally favorable, the question being simply one of relative cost.

On this latter head accurate information was gathered by the committee of Congress, which will be of especial interest to our readers. A large distillery at Peoria kept a record for ten years, which shows an average cost of 42.36 cents a bushel for corn used. The average production of alcohol was 4.76 proof gallons from a bushel of corn. The cost averaged 10.78 cents per proof gallon of alcohol. The corn used in making one gallon of proof alcohol was .21 of a bushel, costing \$.89 cents; deducting this cost from 10.78 cents, the total cost of the alcohol, we have 1.89 cents as the cost of making one gallon of proof alcohol over and above the cost of the grain. There will, of course, be variations in price, according to the price of corn. But other farm products may be utilized in making alcohol, a low grade of molasses being especially adapted for the purpose, and many things raised by farmers will answer the purpose. Thus the farmer is benefitted in two ways, by increased demand for his products to make the alcohol and increased uses of the latter when made. So it is manifest that with tax-free alcohol, and the people awake to prevent trusts and corners, there will be opening to us an era of cheap motor, light and heat production such as the world has not seen, and there is no people in the world that can put such things to so many uses as our American farmers.

See those new shirt waist sets at Conley's store.

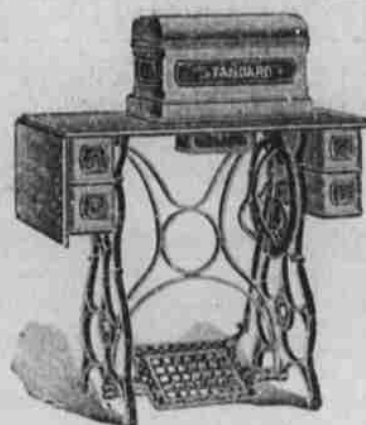
We will sell you any standard kind of a Mower or Reaper.

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Snyder Hardware Co.,

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Feathers and Quills Wanted

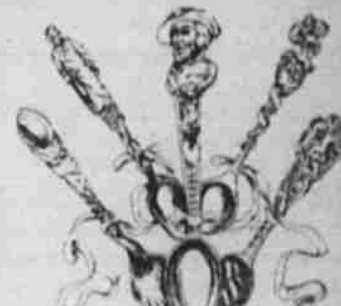
We buy all kinds of **Goose, Duck, Turkey and Hen** Feathers and Quills the year round. Pay cash on arrival, charge no commission or drayage. Send for our price list. We will treat you right. Brighton Station. The P. R. Mitchell Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.



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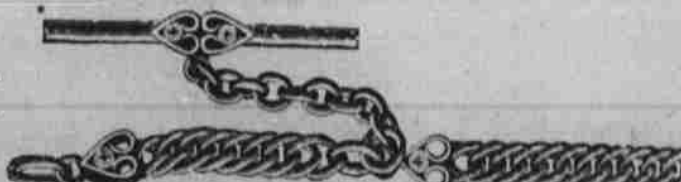
French Harps, Jews Harps, Banjos, Guitars, Violins, Mandolins

Strings, Trimmings, Mandolin Picks, Etc.

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